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05x12 - Mr. Right (Never Broke A Promise)

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05x12 - Mr. Right (Never Broke A Promise)

by **bunniefuu**

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Mr. Right

I only have one question.

After we're married

will you still blow me? .

Ever the romantic.

That depends.

If you still f*ck me in every room of um What are we gonna call it? Mandalay? Xanadu? Wuthering Heights? I'll leave the christening up to you.

Brighton! Britin It's amazing, isn't it? I wouldn't go that far.

I mean, that it's really happening.

I can just see their faces when they get their announcements.

Jesus f*cking Christ! What is it, Deb? Brian and Justin are getting married.

It just goes to show, if you love someone long enough and hard enough if you love someone long enough and hard enough You get a sore a*s? There's only one explanation.

He must've knocked up Sunshine.

This is f*cking bullshit! I almost didn't give it to you.

I was afraid you'd bust your stitches.

I'm a defector.

I'm a Stepford f*g.

I infected his boyfriend and now - "Please come celebrate our commitment"? I'm not gonna celebrate anything! Apple cinnamon pancakes.

Yum! Look, you and Brian have a long and significant history, alright? There are a lot of strong feelings.

Were.

No, are.

Whether you wanna admit it or not, you still love each other.

I do not love him.

I don't - and he certainly doesn't love me.

I mean, did he show up once to visit me at the hospital? As a matter of fact, he did.

I'm sure he'd never want me to tell you this.

As if I care.

The night of the bombing, when you lost all that blood and we were afraid we were gonna lose you, Brian was with us in the ER.

He wanted to donate his own blood, but the doctor refused to take it because he's g*y.

Well, when Brian heard that, he went into a rage.

He did? Yeah, you should've seen him.

He was like a wild man.

Yeah, he can get that way.

Point is, a person wouldn't act that way unless he loved someone.

When you're done clearing, take out the garbage and make sure you mop the floor.

Anything else? Thanks for reminding me - someone blew their cookies in the gents.

So glad I asked.

Hey, now, watch how you're carrying that.

You break anything, it comes out of your pay.

Aren't you being a little rough on the kid? - Hey, the kid doesn't like it here, the kid can go back to school - where he belongs.

Go ahead - make my life miserable.

I'd rather clean toilets for all eternity than go back to sh*thole High.

Good, 'cause without a diploma, that's what you're gonna be doing.

So, when did you join the service industry? In case you've forgotten, it's how I got my start.

The Ironmen just lost their fifth in a row.

I guess they'd sooner go straight to the cellar than gaily to the Super Bowl.

They've even got Markham in there doing long throws.

With that arm? God, by half-time his wrist must've been limper than mine.

Plus his buns aren't as cute as yours.

Uh, does anybody know whose bag this is? Um Did anyone leave a bag Did anyone leave a bag Carl? Carl? Don't panic.

I'll call the b*mb squad.

Excuse me, folks, does anyone own Honey, don't go near that! There could be a b*mb in there.

Huh, let's see.

That's my lube, my butt plug, my poppers, latest issue of 'Star'.

Poor Jennifer.

Will she ever find happiness without Brad? I suppose the only thing remotely resembling a b*mb is the dvd of 'Alexander' I rented from the video store.

Yeah, I'll tell Lindsay and we'll make a time to get together.

ok thanks.

Oh! Honey, what did I tell you about getting Mommy wet? It's a rocket.

Did you have to buy him that? Well, it's only water.

That was Jennifer - there's a couple interested in the house.

Oh? Oh what? Oh, nothing.

Oh, having second thoughts? Of course, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't go through with it.

Listen, it's a big decision.

I was up half the night worrying about it myself.

Oh, I thought it was the enchiladas.

When I look at our kids' faces, I think, "Why should they grow up "someplace where they're told their parents are sick?" Where they're hurt and humiliated.

That kind of pain is indelible.

You can never wash it off.

We have to talk to Brian and Michael first.

Well, I'm sure Brian won't have any problems.

He'll probably say, "So long, sonny boy.

Don't forget your old dad.

Michael's another story.

If anyone had asked me, I would've said I'd be doing Britney and whoever's wedding first.

Well, we'll be sure to recommend you.

Now, I've gone over your wish list and everything seems fairly cut and dry - but fabulous - except for this one little item here.

Golden gardenias? There's a Chinese legend that once your lover breathes them that he'll love you forever.

Oh, call the florist.

Order a crate.

They only grow in the Xishuang Banna Mountains in southern China.

How about some petunias that only grow in southern Pittsburgh? Hey, if Justin wants golden gardenias Alright, then he'll have golden gardenias.

Michael, look at you! You're up.

And out.

How are you feeling? The doctor says I'll live, provided I stay away from bombs.

We were just er planning the Taylor-Kinney nuptials.

Well, don't let me disturb you.

Oh, no.

Actually, I was just leaving.

For China.

If you would point me in the right direction.

I got your invitation.

After I nearly died a second time from shock I decided I'd come down and say congratulations.

Well, I figure if it makes Justin happy, what the hell? Like you've ever done anything you don't wanna do.

Mmm.

Well, as you so eloquently put it, I can't go on being an over-the-hill club boy forever.

Still, no-one makes a better case for perpetual immaturity than you.

Look, what happened between us I um I just wanted to say Forget it.

I behaved like an as*h*le.

You behaved like a bigger one.

So you wanna be my best man? .

Really? You always stood up for me.

Why should now be any different? Hey.

You're a married man.

Not quite yet.

Always that second ball that's the k*ller.

Yeah.

Cranberry juice and sparkling water.

Cosmo.

Coming up.

You know, the times they sure are a-changing.

Whoever thought we'd have to pass through a metal detector to get into Woody's? Yeah - or that Brian Kinney would be getting hitched? Or that I'd be turning 35.

I mean, it's unbelievable.

That is unbelievable.

ok, 36.

And a half? Alright, fine - 39.

Anyway, I'm throwing myself a little celebration down at Tango.

Oh, love that place.

It's gonna be you and Drew, Michael and Ben, Mel and Linz, Brian and Justin.

Mm-mm-mm.

Teddy! What?

Well, it's your birthday and you're the only who's all alone.

Maybe not for long.

You met someone? Again? Not just someone.

The one, Em.

This time I think I've really found him.

Teddy! Tell me, tell me, tell me! Who, where, when? How? Well, I was sharing at AA and he was sharing at AA, then we had some coffee, then we had some coffee, then we went back to my place and we shared a little more.

And his name? I need facts.

Hard - hopefully - facts! His name is Tad.

Oh, my God, that's so adorable.

Tad'n'Ted.

It was meant to be.

What's he look like? I want an exact description.

Uh well he looks exactly like uh that.

Tad, this is Emmett.

Emmett, this is Tad.

Hello, gorgeous.

Ted talks about you all the time.

Yeah, well, if it can't be repeated, then it's true.

I've missed you.

It's only been a day.

For a Monarch butterfly, that's an entire lifetime.

Aww Top of the line appliances, hardwood floors, 18 foot ceilings -- there's not another loft like it in Pittsburgh.

Yeah, I know.

I've been here before.

Everyone I show it to has been here before.

Um here's the tear sheet.

It's got all the details.

Just give me a call if you're interested.

Mind giving me the tour? Well, I was just about to lock up.

I'm sure you can find your way around.

Mom wait.

I'm really busy.

I'm in a hurry.

What's this? Oh honey this That is That is just Unbelievable? I know.

That seems to be the general consensus.

And by the way, it's for two - so bring anyone you like.

Anyone? Yes.

Alright.

Oh, but I have one condition.

I promise I won't make any rude references to his age - or yours.

You're damn right you won't, but that's not what I was gonna say.

I get the first dance - after Brian.

Uh no f*cking way! I don't care if it's corny, I don't care if it's corny, the last time we danced was your cousin Joanne's wedding.

Yeah, I was six.

You still remember how to foxtrot? No.

Sure you do! No, I don't! Sure you do, come on.

No Come on!

Come on.

Mom.

Well! Well, what do you know? You're never too big to dance with your mom.

The owner of the Ironmen called.

He wants me to come back.

Well, it's about time he realized that winning the championship is more important than who you're f*cking.

Even if it is me.

I just hope my team-mates feel the same way.

Don't worry about them.

Just do what you do best.

Well second best.

Emmett thanks.

For what? Being there.

Helping me.

All I did was lend a little back-field support.

It's your victory.

Your touchdown.

The first one's for you.

Try one of the lace cookies.

Depends on what they're laced with.

How's my darling little daughter? Gorgeous as ever.

Gorgeous as ever.

You know what, I'm gonna go give her a squeeze.

Uh, before you do, there's something we need to discuss with both of you.

Homemade cookies.

We must be in trouble.

I um I don't quite know how to tell you this.

I do uh Linz and I talked it over and we decided we wanna move.

What - the place getting too tight for the four of you? Heading off to the suburbs? I suppose you could think of it as that.

We wanna move to Canada.

To Toronto.

It's not really very far.

Hell, you even bicycled there.

Flying time it's only 45 minutes.

It's still a foreign country.

Well, it's not like Uzbekistan or the emirate of Qatar.

Are those real places? How the f*ck should I know? But why would you I thought my marrying Justin was a big shock.

The point is, we no longer feel safe here.

Or even welcome in our own country.

At least there we won't be treated like second-class citizens.

Make that third-class if Proposition 14 passes.

You're talking about taking jr and Gus.

That's why, before we do anything, we want your approval.

Your blessing.

Otherwise, we don't go.

Hi.

How are you? Good evening.

Yeah, table for Schmidt? Oh, yes.

ok.

Thanks.

I am so sorry I'm late.

Is everything alright? Mmm.

Just crazy hectic.

ok.

I was concerned.

I left you three messages.

You didn't call back.

I'm sorry, I didn't have time to check my cell.

Uh yep, three messages.

So, what's so urgent? Why don't you listen? ok.

I love you I love you I love you! Well, I have a message for you.

Thank you for loving me.

You're very welcome.

And for being concerned.

Any time.

What? Do I have a zit? Is there something caught in my teeth? No.

Then why are you staring? I'm just looking.

For anything in particular? The imperfection.

Oh There are plenty, believe me.

I don't see any.

It's the lighting.

Trust me, they're there.

Oh, I have a few myself.

I'll tell you what.

I'll overlook yours if you overlook mine.

Deal.

Let's eat.

I've been fair.

I've been more than fair.

I even gave up my custody until she's much older.

This is going too far.

This sh*t's really mellow.

Try some.

I mean, there's only so far you can bend before you break.

I like that one.

Did you just make that up? I can't believe you're ok with this.

The way I figure it, it's just a free trip to Rio.

How do you figure that? All those frequent flyer miles.

Yeah, like I can see you on a plane every weekend to Toronto.

No, but I can see you.

Like they said, it's just a hop, skip and a jump I don't wanna talk about this.

Fine, let's talk about something else.

What should I wear to my wedding? My mom wants me to wear the gown she wore, but, let's face it, she never had much luck.

It really wouldn't bother you, would it, if they moved away.

If you never saw your son again.

He's with his two moms.

They're back together again.

One big happy family.

So, even if it will cause me a momentary twinge of regret, on the rare occasion that I think of him on the rare occasion that I think of him .

I'd say he'll be better off.

Yeah, well, you were never much in his life anyway.

No, I never was.

Congratulations, baby.

Thanks.

First win in weeks, thanks to you.

That was some game! God, you were absolutely Awesome, dude! Well, I really appreciate you guys coming to cheer me on.

Are you kidding? Even an 'Ab Fab' marathon wouldn't keep me away.

Wait, honey.

The last thing you need is to go out with lipstick on.

When you scored the winning touchdown, the fans went nuts! Yeah, except for a couple of name-callers, but Deb told them to shut the f*ck up or she'd shove their Budweisers up their butts.

And that is a direct quote! Uh, that's great.

So, you catch that guy with Boyd? Oh, you mean his tight end? Oh, you mean his tight end? Excuse me? Let it go.

If you guys wanna continue your 5-game losing streak, I can play for another team.

I'm sure they wouldn't mind winning.

If you want a shot at the Super Bowl, not to mention all the bonuses, endorsements and perks, I suggest you keep your mouths shut.

Sorry, Drew.

It was just a joke.
Great game.

Yeah, great game.

Drew! Phil Jansen, Channel 5 News.

Do you think your performance tonight will put to bed any rumours will put to bed any rumours I like the minimalist direction your work's taking.

Luckily, you're not an art critic.

It's the seating chart for our wedding dinner.

Oh h*m*, l*sbian, h*m*, l*sbian, h*m*, l*sbian.

I hope Mel and Linz don't leave town before the wedding.

It will f*ck up my entire seating arrangement.

Something tells me they're not going anywhere.

Pope Michael is never gonna give his blessing.

I'd hate not seeing them.

Or the kids, especially Gus.

I was there the night he was born.

I even named him.

I forgot about that.

I'm not surprised.

You were stoned out of your mind.

And yet I have a vivid memory of the subsequent events.

I'm sure you do.

What the f*ck.

It's their lives.

It's their decision.

You know, you amaze me.

He's your son and you're acting like you don't give a sh*t.

They're his parents, not me.

I'm just An uncredited guest appearance.

I know.

You should give yourself more credit.

I see how you are when you're with him -it's like nobody else on earth exists.

And when he looks at you You know, I don't think you should seat your mom's boyfriend next to Debbie unless you're trying to scare him away.

Will you listen to me? Are you listening? Yeah, I'm listening.

You're not your father.

You love your son.

Now, what's it gonna take for you to admit it? Another b*mb? I'm gonna go take a shower.

You know what they say about bags left unattended.

Well, I thought they were gonna blow up the f*cking diner.

Shows how paranoid you can get.

Any more ziti for anyone? Michael? No, thanks.

You did the right thing, sweetheart.

Until we catch whoever planted that b*mb, you can't be too careful.

It's no wonder Mel and Linz wanna move away.

Well, I don't care what the reason is.

You don't split up family.

That's all there is to that, period.

Hey.

We don't grab in this house.

We stand up, bend over and reach.

You're saying you think it's ok if they take jr? No, no, but considering what's going on in this country At the risk of sounding unpopular, it's not that bad.

Yeah, for you.

You're not g*y.

Well, I don't see where you guys got such a raw deal either.

Well, tell that to the families of the people who were k*lled.

If Michael hadn't been so lucky, I'm sure you'd feel different.

I'm not saying you don't have a reason to be concerned.

If I was g*y and I had kids, I'd be worried too.

But you gotta have faith.

The wind changes, tide turns.

While you're waiting for the wind and the tide, I say you've gotta stand up for yourself.

Like Drew did.

That was totally awesome.

Well, if it was so totally awesome, maybe you could take a lesson.

Too skinny to play football.

You know what I mean.

Carl, honey, there's a chicken breast right here with your name on it.

Baby, are you alright? You're awful quiet, sweetheart.

If you're tired, why don't you go upstairs and lie down? It's ok, Mom.

I'm fine.

ok.

Who's ready for ice-cream? Remember that critic from 'Art Forum', the one you thought was that other 'C' word? Simon what's-his-name.

He wrote an entire article about you.

So? Well, so, do you realize how much buzz this has created? I mean, I'm already getting calls from galleries, collectors That's nice.

'Nice'.

Artists work for years - their entire lives - and never get this kind of attention.

The critics are raving about you, people want to buy your work.

Great.

You can sell it to them.

Well, that's true, I could.

But this is a chance for you to move up.

Take the next step.

Where? New York.

No, I'm serious.

It's the centre of the art world.

I know - if I can make it there, I could make it anywhere.

You've practically made it already.

All you have to do now is show up.

I can paint in Pittsburgh.

You think Warhol would've become Warhol if he'd stayed here? If it's so important, why didn't you go? Because I didn't have your talent.

I know how much this means to you, - how much you believe in me - you always have - but New York isn't my opportunity of a lifetime.

Brian is.

Feel the thump-a, thump-a? Yeah! What's the thump-a, thump-a? You know, it's the g*y pulse that keeps on beating no matter what.

I can feel it.

Yeah - so can I.

It can be disconcerting at first, being the object of desire, but you'll get used to it.

I did.

How about a drink? Oooh, Cosmo, please! A girly drink? Have something that puts hair on your chest.

Why? I'll just have to shave it.

It's Romeo and Juliet.

Who gets to be Romeo and who gets to be Juliet? You can take turns being Juliet.

Are you here alone? I'm with my Dr ewsie.

His team won today, thanks to his divine touchdown.

I love how you've adapted your inimitable style to the manly game of football.

So, you're here celebrating?

Yeah.

It's his first time in a g*y club, so he's feeling a little intimidated, the poor baby.

Know what? I'd better go save my lost lamb from the wolves.

Ta! Ta! Em's great, isn't he? He's quite a character.

Yes, his flame burns bright, but don't let that fool you.

If it weren't for him I wouldn't be here with you tonight.

I'd like to get to know him.

I'd like you to know all my friends.

Michael, Ben even Brian.

Oh, and you will.

They'll all be at my birthday bash.

Your birthday bash! I have to think of something totally amazing to get you.

You already have.

I've been thinking a lot about what you've asked.

Um in fact, I haven't thought about anything else.

And so far I've come up with about a thousand good reasons why moving to Canada is a lousy idea.

I'd be away from my daughter, she'd be raised in another country, we wouldn't be in each other's lives, so, all things being equal, there's just no way I can go along with it.

We figured as much.

However all things aren't equal.

At least, not here.

Not for us.

And despite my personal objections if you wanna live in a place where Gus and jr will be safe where they accept and respect g*y people, .

where they'll have the same rights as everybody else then I give you my blessing.

Thank you, Michael.

Yes, Michael.

Thank you for your blessing.

If you wanna leave, I have no problem.

You have my blessing too.

But Gus stays here.

What? Gus stays here.

But we assumed That I'd give you my consent.

That I'd say, "Sure, take my son.

Flee the country.

That's not the kind of lesson I want you teaching him.

To run away from a bully.

Or to be afraid to stand up and fight.

I have never run away from a bully.

And I have fought for g*y rights more than you have or ever will.

But we have an infant and a little boy depending on us and their lives come first, so don't you dare accuse me of teaching your son the wrong lessons when you haven't taught him a g*dd*mn thing!

Mel, please.

Don't tell me 'please'.

The winner four years in a row of the disinterested dad award suddenly decides he cares about his son so we can't leave.

We asked for their blessing, and he has a right not to give it.

Well, how's my favorite stud muffin - except for Carl Horvath, of course? Yeah, hold on.

Um he's not here right now.

When will he be back? What the f*ck's that supposed to be? Busy! He's busy.

Yeah, very busy.

He'll call you.

Bye-bye.

If I wanted to be a f*cking interpreter, I'd work at the UN! Well, I'm sorry to put you through that, Deb, but I have no intention of speaking to Mr Boyd after that disgusting display.

Well, then, dump these for me, will you? And after I stuck by him.

For Christ's sakes.

Would you give the guy a break? He's 17! I'll admit he looks amazing, but actually he's 33.

Yeah, if you're counting chronologically, but emotionally he's practically a baby.

He's a kid in a candy store.

He just wants to lick every peppermint stick he can get his hands on.

Eventually he'll grow up, but first he has to relive his adolescence.

So what am I supposed to do in the meantime? Twiddle my thumbs? Well, whatever you like.

But forgive him his youth.

Remember, you were once a g*y young thing yourself.

Mel? I'm sorry I woke you.

No, you didn't.

I couldn't sleep either.

You want some tea and honey? Oh, make mine arsenic.

It's not worth k*lling yourself over.

Not for me! For him.

Gus is his son too.

What's this? Oh, it's a letter my grandfather wrote me when I got into law school.

"My dearest Ruchel" - that's Yiddish for Rachel.

He liked my middle name.

"You have no idea how proud I am.

"To think that one day my granddaughter "will be the first Jewish woman Supreme Court justice.

" Zayde always dreamed a bit.

"I hope you know how lucky you are "to live in a country where everyone has the same right to live his life "free of intolerance and oppression.

"That's why I came here so many years ago.

"Be grateful you're an American.

" I wonder what he'd say if he knew what was going on now.

"The hps Sentinel system will not only give you peace of mind, "it will also lower your home-owner's insurance "and improve the value of your house.

" What are you looking at that for? Well, I just thought it'd be worth considering.

You know, just in case.

Oh, you've got me to protect you.

Oh, why, Mr Kent, you really are Superman.

Uh-huh.

Later! Whoa, whoa, pal.

No breakfast? Can't.

Late.

You're working the morning shift? Can't.

Nope.

If your grandmother-general's not gonna court marshal you, what's the rush? School.

Are you serious? Dude, if one expects to achieve greatness, it won't be by cleaning the crapper at the Liberty Diner.

A profound observation.

I admire your ambition, but you've missed a lot of classes.

Then you'd better start boning up.

Since you'll be helping me.

Hey! Don't let the kids at school get to you.

If a p*ssy like Drew Boyd can deal with it, so can I.

Smart-a*s! When did he learn to throw like that? About six months ago.

I must've been working.

Or something.

Well, all that's about to change.

No more Babylon.

No more late nights.

Just the quiet life of a happily married man.

Doesn't sound like the "I don't care what those "self-loathing hypocritical f*gs think.

"It's my life and I'll f*ck whoever I want" Brian Kinney I know and love.

It's kind of like taming a horse.

Well, let's hope I don't end up like Trigger.

Oh, did you see this? Justin's probably too modest to show you.

That's pretty impressive.

He says the house you bought is pretty impressive too.

A swimming pool, stables He's gonna have a f*cking fabulous time when he comes to visit his old man.

He could still have a fabulous time when he visits his old man during the summer.

Your keeping us here isn't gonna make up for lost opportunities.

I want another chance.

I want him to know who I am.

He will.

I don't want him to forget me.

He won't.

We'll make sure of that.

He's not the only one I'm gonna be losing.

I don't want you to go, Wendy.

I have to, Peter.

Indian food fit for a rajah.

That was quick.

Well, there's the new take-out place - Curry in a Hurry.

Your order's ready quicker than you can say 'chicken vindaloo'.

What you looking at? Nothing.

Come on, let me see.

Let me see.

Let Come on, get down and open.

Mount Flame I'm taking you for your birthday.

It's a great ski week.

You don't have to do that.

I want you to have the best birthday ever.

You make it my best birthday.

Well, think of how much fun it'll be, shooshing down the slopes.

Even though I don't ski.

Sipping hot toddies.

Even though I don't drink.

Cuddling in front of the fire after we've made love.

Ah! That is something I do.

When do we go?

A week from Friday.

A week from oh, we can't! Why not? Why not? Well, that's the night of my birthday dinner, remember? I didn't forget.

I called the restaurant.

You can cancel it if you want.

You can even get your deposit back.

Just ask for Rob.

I know, but I invited all my friends Ted, you can see your friends any time.

This will be a chance for us to be alone together.

I thought you'd like that.

I would.

So, what's the problem? You're right, there isn't any.

Yeah? Yeah.

This is going to be the most romantic weekend you have ever had.

Just you and me in our own little world.

I'm glad you finally called.

Well, I was upset.

Needed some time.

I want you to know that guy at Popperz came onto me.

You didn't exactly resist.

Although I have to admit, he had a certain trashy appeal.

Vodka rocks.

Mmm, you'd better make his a Shirley Temple.

He's underage.

Under what age? The age where you've been there, done that.

And that and that.

As Deb once said to me "Em, you have been on more wieners than French's mustard.

" But you you've just been born.

You're not ready for boyfriendhood.

You've got a whole world in front of you.

I don't want to block the view.

Sorry.

Don't be.

As a presiding geezer, let me say that this is your time to experience everything and everyone.

To enjoy yourself.

Safely.

One Shirley Temple.

What about us? Someday we'll get together and have a real drink.

When will that be? Call me on your 21st birthday.

You know, your idea of registering at Prada was genius, but don't you think Pottery Barn would be a little bit more useful? Shoes, serving bowls, shoes, blender no, I don't think so.

"Mr Taylor's large-scale canvas "combines the high-energy impulsiveness" - my, that's a mouthful - "of Pollock, plus the analytical painterliness" - he likes big words - "of Johns.

"But what makes his talent unique "is a quality that hasn't been seen in a long time.

"Sex appeal."New York is waiting to be conquered." That's some review, Mr Taylor.

I don't even know why Lindsay showed you that.

Because you didn't.

Just because some art scene fairy - who probably admired my a*s a lot more than my work - decides to write a fawning review, doesn't mean I should pack my bags and grab the next Greyhound.

He could've admired your a*s without writing a fawning review.

And you have never been on a Greyhound in your life.

No, but I have been to Hollywood.

They gushed too, remember? Made a bunch of bullshit promises.

What makes you think New York could be any different? The only one who never broke a promise was you.

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